NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 13 —VOL. XXI NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1809. NO. 1053.

MISTRUST;

OR,

BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT:

A FEUDAL ROMANCE.

(In Continuation.)

"For I must confess," he added, "though I am certain, that nothing could induce my father to act ill deliberately, yet his passions are so violent, and so frequently overcome his better judgment, that I know not into what extremes he might be hurried in a momentary ebullition of fury. My brother's death, (I understand) has almost driven him frantic;—he breathes vengeance against the whole family of Orrenberg; it is rumoured also, that the herald, whom he dispatched to signify to your father ——"

"Alas! it is but too true! the wild, cruel people murdered the poor man; but my father did his utmost to prevent the crime;—indeed, indeed, Osbright, my father was not in fault."

"Heaven grant that it may be found so;—but at present appearances are greatly against Count Gustavus, and this unlucky event will make my father's resentment burn with tenfold fury. He is noble, generous, benevolent, and friendly; but in his rage he is terrible, and he cherishes in his heart with unjustifiable fondness the thirst for vengeance. Some officious vassal may observe your visits hither, and unprotected as you are, may easily purchase his lord's favour by delivering you into his power. Dearest Blanche, enraged as he is at this moment, I would not even answer that your life ——"

"Mine? one who never offended him by word or deed? one who, for your sake, would so willingly love him? and you really think that.... Ah! Osbright, say what you will, I fear that your father is a very wicked man!"

"He has his faults, but they are greatly overbalanced by his virtues. Yet I confess there has been moments when.... But let us drop this unpleasant subject—time presses—I must be gone. Give me your promise not to visit this spot during my absence, one sweet kiss to confirm that promise, and then farewell, my Blanche."

The promise was given—the kiss was taken—the farewell was said—and then Osbright, having conducted his mistress in safety to the spot which concealed the private entrance to Orrenberg Castle, (and which was within a very short distance of the cave,) returned to the place where he had fastened his courser, and giving him the spur, was soon concealed within the shades of the neighbouring forest.

But scarcely had he quitted her, when Blanche recollected that the consecrated goblet was left on the outside of the cave. To replace this, her reverence for the saint made her think absolutely necessary; yet the close of her conversation with Osbright made her feel no small degree of repugnance in revisiting the grotto by herself. However, it was so near, that she could not suppose it possible for her to meet with any danger during the few minutes which it would take her to perform this duty, and therefore after some little hesitation she retraced her steps.

Trembling she ran—she traversed the space which divided her from the cave, threaded the rocky passages, and soon reached the mouth of the cave. The goblet was replaced; an Ave was murmured before the altar in all haste, and she now hurried back again; but as she rushed out of the grotto—"Stay!" exclaimed a voice, and springing from the rock above, a man stood before her. She shrieked, and started back; the moon, which had now risen, shewed her what seemed rather to be a spectre, than any human being. His tall thin form (viewed through the medium of her fears, and seen but indistinctly among the shadows of the surrounding rocks) dilated to an height which appeared gigantic, his tresses fluttering in the evening blast, his limbs trembling with agitation, his face colourless as the face of a corse, his large eyes almost starting from their sockets, and glaring with all the fire of delirium, his hands filled with locks of bright hair, torn from his own head, and stained with blood which had flowed from his own self-mangled bosom, such was the stranger, such was the wretched Eugene!

The terror, which the sight of him evidently caused in Blanche, had prevented the page from obtruding his pretence upon her any more; but he could not prevail upon himself to abstain from the delight of gazing upon that beauty, which had made so forcible an impression upon his youthful heart. He carefully watched her, and observed, that regularly every evening she visited the cave of St. Hildegarde; and regularly every evening did Eugene climb the rocks, among which it was situated, and feed his hopeless passion by gazing for whole hours upon the lovely Blanche. He admired the celestial expression of her countenance, as she knelt in prayer before the shrine; he listened in silent ecstacy, when, seated before the grotto's mouth, and weaving into garlands the wild flowers which sprouted among the rocks, she chanted some sweet though simple ballad; he smiled, when he saw her smile at the dexterity with which her flowery work had been completed; and when some melancholy thought glanced across her mind, he echoed back the sigh which escaped from her bosom. He knew not that the wreaths were woven to deck the seat of a rival; he knew not that the sigh proceeded from grief for that rival's absence.

And thus had whole months rolled away; and with every day did the charms of Blanche inflame his heart with more growing passion, and exalt his imagination to a higher pitch of enthusiasm. At length came the fatal blow, which at once destroyed this solitary source of ideal happiness: he found not only that he had a beloved rival, but that this rival was the man who possessed that place in his father's affections, which he would so gladly have possessed in them himself; was Count Rudiger's avowed offspring, while he was rejected and pointed out to the world as nothing better than an orphan and an outcast; was the heir of the rich domains of Frankheim, while he was condemned to a life of servitude and obscurity; in short, was the very man, towards whom, of all existing beings, he cherished, and had cherished from his childhood, the most inveterate and uncontrolable antipathy.

Breathless with agitation, and fixing his nails in his bosom in order to distract the sense of mental agony by the infliction of bodily pain, he had witnessed from the rock above, the interview between the lovers. He heard not their words, but he saw, as they sat, the arm of Osbright tenderly encircling the waist of Blanche, and witnessed the kiss which he pressed upon her lips at parting. They were gone; yet the boy still lay extended upon the rock, stupified by a blow so unexpected. A few minutes restored him to sensation, but not to himself. Horror at Joscelyn's death had shaken his nerves most cruelly; since that event grief had scarcely permitted his tasting food: that constitutional infirmity, which the knowledge of his mother's sad story had inflamed into a delirium, now exerted itself with dreadful violence upon his enfeebled frame and exalted imagination; his brain was unable to support the shock, and he now stood a maniac before the affrighted Blanche.

"It is she indeed!" he exclaimed; "she here again? here and alone! Oh! then it was no illusion! the night-wind murmured in my ear, "death!" and the screech-owl shrieked in my ear, "death!" and the wind and the screech owl told me true, for you are returned on purpose! yes, yes, I feel it well, angel; you are here, and the hour is come!"

"What hour? I know you not. You terrify me!"

She attempted to pass him, but he grasped her by the waist.

"Terrified! are you not a blessed spirit, and what can you fear? I must away to the skies, and there will I kneel and implore for you, and pray that you may speedily follow me thither! you will soon be made a Saint in heaven, but I must prepare the way for you: take this sword, and plunge it.... Nay, nay, why should you dread to use it? have you not plunged a dagger in my heart already?—you have, you have! and oh! that wound was a wound so painful!—Take it, I say, take it; here is my naked breast!"

As he said this, he tore open his doublet with one hand, while with frantic eagerness he endeavoured to force her to take the sword with the other; when summoning up all her strength, Blanche rushed swiftly past him, and with loud shrieks fled through the rocky passage. The frantic youth pursued her, in vain imploring her to stay: with fruitless efforts did Blanche exert her speed; Eugene gained upon her; and overcome by terror she fell breathless at his feet, at the moment when, guided by her shrieks, Baron Ottokar arrived to her assistance. He heard her scream for help; he saw her pursued by one who held a naked sword; he saw her fall, and doubted not, that she had perished by the blow of an assassin.

"Inhuman ruffian!" exclaimed the Knight, and instantly his sword struck the supposed murderer to the earth. Then raising the trembling Blanche in his arms, he hastened towards the castle to procure surgical assistance for his lovely burthen.

During Blanche's absence, Sir Lennard of Kleeborn was employed in the performance of his promise to Osbright. He requested an audience of the Count of Orrenberg, which was readily granted; but Gustavus added, that as what Sir Lennard had to state was announced to be of importance, he begged that Baron Ottokar might share the communication: the nature of his engagements to that young nobleman being such, that they possess a common interest in every thing.

(To be Continued.)

ELEGANT AND MORAL.

Continuance and society in evil make wicked men outrageous and imprudent.

Those faces which at first sight seemed ill favoured, by oft viewing grow out of dislike.

Next to being good, it is happy to converse with those which are so; if we are not bettered by their example, we are blest by their protection.

It is better to be an attendant of *some* men, than be attended by *many*.

It is an happy thing to converse with the righteous and virtuous; their counsel and example cannot but leave some tincture behind them.

No human institution is capable of consummate perfection.

Habit teaches men to bear the burdens of the mind, as it inures them to bear heavy burdens upon their shoulders.

There is no calamity so great, that a christian philosopher may not reasonably laugh at.

A burthen becomes light by being well borne.

It is too common in human nature to bear heavily the being deprived of the smaller good, without conceiving at the same time, any gratitude for the much greater blessing which we are suffered to enjoy.

Guilt has very quick ears to an accusation.

There is something so outrageously suspicious in the nature of all vice, especially when joined with any great degree of pride, that the eyes of those we imagine privy to our failings are intolerable to us: and we are apt to aggravate their opinion to our own advantage far beyond the reality.

AN EXCELLENT CUSTOM OF THE SAMNITES.

The Samnites had a certain custom, which in so small a republic, and especially in their situation, must have produced admirable effects. The young people were all covered in one place, and their conduct examined. He that was declared the best of the whole assemble, had leave given him to take which girl he pleased for his wife; the person that had been declared second best, chose after him, and so on. Admirable institution!—The only recommendation that young men could have on this occasion was owing to virtue, and to the services done their country, who had the greatest share of endowments, chose which girl he liked out of the nation. Love, beauty, chastity, birth, and even wealth itself, were all, in some measure, the dowry. A noble and grander recompense, less chargeable to a petty state, and more capable of influencing both sexes, could scarcely be imagined.

It appears by the foregoing, that high collars, short jackets, and shovel nosed boots, had no great influence with the Samnites; and which, together with a few more petite acquirements, such as swallowing two or three gills of gin or brandy before breakfast, sitting over a card-table till two or three o'clock of a Sunday morning, half stupified with wine, and then reeling home to their lodgings, conclude the scene with damning and cursing the good people of the house for going to bed so soon, &c. constitutes the greater part of the recommendations of a number of our present young men.

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

SONNET.

TO HENRICUS.

Though to the gifts of fortune, wealth, and fame,
Gentle Henricus, you prefer no claim;
How largely are such powerful blessings due
To sense and genuine merit found in you.

From specious Fancy, Julia can no more
Delusive hope of future joys implore;
Her fiat fix'd in deep and sad regret,
Her only wish (hard task!) is to forget.

Then, gentle Henricus, all hope restrain,
Since Julia's sadden'd heart's not worth your gain;
You may aspire to beauty, wealth, and worth,
And all the attributes that bless the earth.

For me, no more delusion's smile I'll borrow,
But silent mourn—a prey to silent sorrow.

JULIA FRANCESCA.

April 29, 1809.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO HER WHO CAN UNDERSTAND IT.

Dear Girl, about six months ago,
The first time you were known to me,
My heart soon felt pure friendship's glow,
From other feelings then was free.

I saw—I knew you had a mind
Superior far than often found;
Where sense and worth are all combined,
And other charms do there abound.

To charms like these, a fond, kind heart,
Which Heaven implanted in my breast,
No more could rest from Cupid's dart,
His shafts my peace had often pierced.

My dreams of bliss were near in view,
My heart it gladdened at the sight:
No other care or trouble knew,
My mind was filled with fond delight.

My heart and soul on you were fixt,
No canker rankled in my breast,
No pang, no torture there was mixt,
Where love and joy had each caressed.

But sad and sudden was the change,
Which sealed my doom to black despair,
Which tore my heart, and broke my rest,
And filled my soul with anxious care.

'Twas by the Hud-on's rocky shore,
You the sad sentence passed on me:
You told me then, to think no more
Of you, whose heart from love was free.

How dark and bleak the prospect seems,
No hopes of permanent delight;
In vapours vanished all my dreams,
Since fated thus to shun thy sight.

No more I'll clasp you round in bliss,
Nor press thy lily-white soft hand:
No more shall steal th' ambrosial kiss
From lips distilling sweetest balm.

In vain I close my wearied eyes,
To court refreshing, lulling sleep,
Since you Heaven's blessings have denied,
I toil oppressed, I wake to weep.

But why should thus oppressive care
Destroy my peace, distract my mind?
I'll burst the [illegible]
I'll seek my fate 'gainst [illegible]

The far off world, from my view,
The troubles of you, that fatal hour
That first inspired me love so true,
Since now no more his vows answer.

The chains which bind me shall be torn,
No shackles on my limbs be left:
I will be freed from woman's scorn,
No woman's power shall rend my breast.

M. D.

THE PLAYER AND HIS WIFE.

Player. Indeed, my dear, I shall no longer suffer such proceedings; you are continually gadding about without my knowledge or consent. I am determined to turn over a new leaf.

Wife. As you like it.

Player. I am resolved to explore your haunts, and learn to whom I am indebted for your institution to a husband.

Wife. Fatal Curiosity.

Player. I shall certainly discover your intrigues, and then I shall no longer be the same tame animal I have been; what sort of a husband would you expect to find me afterwards?

Wife. The provoked husband.

Player. And what do you think would be the consequence of such a detection?

Wife. The devil to pay.

Player. I have been an easy fool, not suspecting you of any criminality; now my jealousy is roused, madam, and you will find me a lion in defence of my honour.

Wife. Every man in his humour.

Player. Why am I thus treated? Why am I thus neglected?

Wife. All for love.

Player. Do you mean to make a cuckold of me?

Wife. Such things are.

Player. Could I discover the rascal who has robbed me of my peace, by estranging your affections from me, I would pursue him for crim. con. follow him to Doctor's Commons, and never quit him till I had lodged him safe in a prison.

Wife. The way to keep him.

Player. What hinders you from being more explicit to me on this subject?

Wife. False delicacy.

Player. Did I not once detect you at Hendon, in company with a would be Bambo? And was not your head amorously reclined against his bosom? What in the Devil's name, do you call this?

Wife. Love in a village.

Player. What can induce me to forget such barefaced insults?

Wife. Lethe.

Player. Have I not taken you from amongst the bowers of the canaille, and raised you to a comfortable, nay an enviable situation? What was you when I condescended to make a wife of you?

Wife. A Miss in her teens.

Player. Did not I marry you without a groat—say, what dowry did you bring with you?

Wife. The Drummer.

Player. These short answers offend me madam; I think myself entitled to very different treatment from your hands; this insolence is not to be borne.

Wife. Much ado about nothing.

Player. Is this the return I have merited for my extreme partiality in your favour? Was not I so enamoured with you that I threatened to blow out my brains if you refused me your hand in wedlock?

Wife. A bold stroke for a wife.

Player. Come, my dear Sally, let us kiss and be friends. I see that you are uneasy at these remonstrances, and I cannot bear to see thee vexed.

Wife. Too cruel by half.

☞ *The answer of the wife to the husband, in every one of the above cases, are rules of plays.*

ANECDOTES.

A trial for lands being pleaded before a certain facetious judge, the counsel on both sides set forth their limitation in question by the plea—and the counsel pleaded, 'My lord, we lie on this side;' and the other said, 'My lord, we lie on this side.' Nay, then, said the judge, if you *lie* on both sides I'll *believe* neither of you.

A worthy baronet, sitting in a coffee-house, and a dog being very troublesome, he bid the waiter to kick him out: but, in the hurry of business, he forgot it. The dog continuing to pester him, he said that if the waiter did not kick the dog out, he would kick HIM out. 'Sir, (said a young coxcomb,) I perceive you are not fond of dogs.' 'No (said he,) nor *puppies* neither.'

BRIDGET.

A SONG,

Freely translated from the original Irish.

On, beautiful Bridget! with long golden tresses,
Exulting in splendour, the bright sunny gleam,
That often, when Autumn the smiling land blesses,
Illumines the bosom of yonder clear stream.

How happy with me, on some mist mantled mountain
Without food or fire—I would wander all day:
Or, sit by the foaming cascade of the fountain—
But ah! foolish fancies, thou'rt gone far away!

Yet though, lovely damsel by distance we're parted,
Still, still thy dear image is present with me:
Oh! what can detain thee so long thou hard hearted!
For till thy return most unhappy I'll be.

But, ah! should another have stolen thy affections,
And thou hast consigned me to hopeless despair—
Beneath the sad burthen of gloomy reflections,
The dagger of death will soon end all my care!

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MAY 6, 1809.

☞ Those of our subscribers who have changed their places of residence, are requested to send their directions to this office.

The city inspector reports the death of 46 persons, (of whom 29 were adults, and 17 children.) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 2, consumption 15, convulsions 4, debility 1, decay 4, dropsy 4, bilious fever 1, gravel 1, hives 1, intemperance 1, old age 2*, palsey 1, pleurisy 1, small pox 2, sore throat 2, still-born 1, suicide 3, worms 1.

* Mary Albright, a native of Germany, aged 101 years.

☞ To-morrow, the 7th inst. appropriate SERMONS will be preached, and Collections made, in three different Churches, for the benefit of the ORPHAN ASYLUM SOCIETY.—In the morning at St. George's Chapel—in the afternoon at St. John's Church, in Hudson-street—and in the evening, by the Rev. Mr. Romayne, at his Church in Cedar-street

Deplorable instances of suicide hav recently happened in the town of Franklin, in this state. A Mr. Jesse Lane on the 10th inst. was found hanging in the closet of his own house by a rope, dead, and on the 12th inst. a Mrs. Burch, wife of Silas Burch, in a fit of a delirium, went to a neighbor's house where she had previously deposited the gun, and taking notice that no one perceived her, slily went up stairs and proceeded behind a chimney, where she committed the fatal deed by means of placing the muzzle of the gun to her breast, and with the help of a crutch she pulled the trigger, and wilfully blew the whole contents in her breast. The family hearing the report, immediately proceeded to the place from whence it issued, and said to tell, she instantly expired.

The Charleston, (South Carolina) Courier of the 20th of April, says, 'The weather has been uncommonly dry for some weeks past, and the woods in the country being on fire for a considerable extent, the atmosphere has become so loaded with dust and smoke, that respiration is sensibly effected by it. Colds are so prevalent, that few persons are exempt. The cisterns generally are exhausted and the wells have but a scanty supply of water.'

Yesterday a young man, by the name of Samuel Allen, but a short time in this village, of good character, and respectable connections, put a period to his existence, by the assistance of a rope. When found, he was supposed to have been suspended near two hours. Means were used to restore him to life: but it had long since left him; and it was in vain they were used to recall it back, to its earthly mansion. *Troy Budget.*

The following melancholy accident happened in Prince William's parish, South Carolina, on the 3d inst.

Major James Miles had that day attended a meeting of the board of commissioners of that parish, of which he was one. He set off in the evening to return home alone, but being on an unruly horse, it is conjectured that he was thrown from him, as the horse went home without his rider, and the body of Mr. Miles was found on the road the next day, with the appearance of a dislocation of the neck. Mr. Miles was in the 56th year of his age, and was much respected in his parish, which he represented in the legislature of the state for a number of years past. He has left a widow and several children to lament his untimely fate.

Cincinnati, March 25.—Last week a gentleman with his family consisting of a wife and four children, on descending Four-Mile creek, Butler County, in a perogue, was owing to the rapidity of the current, upset. The gentleman caught one of the children, and with it reached the top of a tree which lay in the water, from which situation he was relieved by assistance from shore. His wife and three children were drowned.

CHARLES SPENCER,
CONFECTIONER,

Informs his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to No. 118, Broadway, opposite the City Hotel, where he carries on his business in its various branches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve public patronage. Families supplied with Plumb-cake iced and neatly ornamented—Tea-cakes of every description—Pyramids, Ice-cream, Blanch-monge Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to
March 11. 1047—6m

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CHARMS OF LITERATURE,
Consisting of an Assemblage of curious and interesting pieces, in Prose and Verse. Among the contents are, Murder Will Out, the Dying Daughter to her Mother, the Patriotic Clergyman, the American Farmer, the Forest Boy, &c.

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May 6 1809

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COURT OF HYMEN.

Triumphant beauty never looks so gay
As on the morning of a nuptial day,
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and every charm improves.

MARRIED,

On Saturday, the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr Townley, Mr. Walter Hutchinson, to Miss Rebekah Raym, both of this city

On the same evening, by the same reverend gentleman, Mr John Huges, to Miss Margaret Hart, both of this city

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr John I. Decker, to Miss Ann Biker.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. William Edgar, Jun. to Miss Cornelia Le Roy, daughter of Herman Le Roy, Esq.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Romeyn, Mr. William F. M'Kay, to Miss Catharine Breen, both of this city

On Monday evening last, at Brooklyn, by the Rev Mr. Woodhull, Captain Archibald Thomson, of this city, to Miss Margaretta Duffield, of Brooklyn

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Samuel G. Somers, to Miss Eliza Shaffer, both of this city

On the same evening, by the Rev Mr. Beach, Mr Richard Ervin, from Pennsylvania, to Miss Anne Heath, of this city

MORTALITY.

Where weeping yews and nodding cypress wave,
In awful gloom, around the mossy grave,
Let nymphs and shepherds yearly tribute bring,
And strew the earliest violets of the spring.

Let fairy footsteps trace the midnight sound,
And guard from ev'ry ill the hallow'd ground:
There drooping love and friendship oft appear,
And virtue greets their ashes with a tear.

DIED,

On Wednesday morning last, of a consumption, Mr. Augustus Fink, son of Alexander Fink, Sen. Butcher, in the 29th year of his age.

On the same morning, Mr. William Buckland, grocer

On Sunday evening last, at his father's in East-Chester, in the 23d year of his age, Mr. Benjamin Ward Morgan, of this city.

At Nassau, New-Providence, on the 4th ult, William Rhinelander, Esq. of this city

At Saragossa, the celebrated General Palafox, a few days before the surrender of that place, of a short illness

At Madrid, General Saligny, grand marshal of the palace to King Joseph

SALES AT AUCTION,
BY ROBERT M'MENNOMY,
This evening, at half past 5 o'clock, at his Auction-Room, No. 120, Water-street, next to the Tontine Coffee House,
A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS AND STATIONARY,
May 6, 1809. 1049—tf

DANIEL BALDWIN,
SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER,

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Solicits the patronage of the Public. Those who will please to favour him with their custom, may depend on having their work done in an elegant style. As he has hitherto given peculiar satisfaction, he flatters himself that none will be disappointed.
April 29, 1054—2m

JUST RECEIVED,
WATER COLOURS,
In small Boxes, at 75 Cents each,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FROM THE TICKLER.

DISTRESS ON DISTRESS.

Miss Wigley was by her lover called first of the fair
The pride of her heart was called Deputy Dent;
She admired his fine teeth, he her fine head of hair,
He talked about marriage, she gave her consent.
It happened unluckily, both in a breath,
Made a vow, sober, serious, without fun or rig,
She never to marry a man with false teeth,
And he any woman that sported a wig.

Now Miss Wigley a fever had had in her youth,
That completely had left her head without hair,
And a fall from a horse had dislodged every tooth
Of poor Deputy Dent, that his jaws were quite bare
One day at her toilette, he knocked at the door;
She, bare-headed, cried, 'Betty, here's a fine rig
'What to do,' cried Miss Wigley, 'I dont know I'm sure
'He must not, at all events, find out the wig,'

'Bless my soul, is there nothing! lud, what shall we do;
I have it, a good thought, I dont care a pin;'
So under the toilette her cakon she threw.
And manfully cried out, 'Sir, you may come in.'
He started, drew back, gave a kind of a hoot;
Did fond lover e'er such an accident twig,
She bridled and courtsied—as bald as a coote,
In her flutter forgetting her head had no wig

With gravity he was no longer endued,
His risible muscles unmasterable grew;
And while a loud volley of laughter ensued,
His jaws he so stretched that out every tooth flew.
Distress on distress! what will these lovers do?
Though nei her could laugh, both relished the rig,
And, somewhat consoled, while each vowed to be true,
She picked up his teeth, and he searched for her wig.

THE FLOWER OF SHANNON.

A SONG FROM THE IRISH.

There's music in Elvina's feet—
My beating heart begins to dance,
When e'er the lovely maid I meet,
And feel the light'ning of her glance.

Upon the banks of sweet *Loughrea*
I've formed an arbour for my tair;
And if she'll yield her hand to me.
I'll plant the *Flower of Shannon* there.

The turtle dove here build her nest,
Attended by her faithful mate:
And I, when with my charmer blest,
Their constancy will imitate.

Then come, Elvina! to my arms
Consent thy Connal's bride to be,
Who, while life's spark his bosom warms,
Will take delight in pleasing thee.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY,
OF
EVERY DESCRIPTION,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
Bibles, Testaments, Monitors, Spelling-Books, Primers Gough's, Fenning's, Hamilton's, Walsh's, Walkinghame's, and Dilworth's Arithmetics; Walker's, Sheridan's, Bayliss's, Webster's, and Entick's Dictionaries. Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Ink Powder, Ink Stands, Pencils, Indian Rubber, Indian Ink, Blank Books, &c.

THE MORALIST.

ON DEATH.

This languid mortal body is but a dead husk, which will moulder and drop off at last, or like a bubble, burst; while the soul, in a flutter, expatiates for eternal life, the vast abyss of incomprehension. We use it too much as a machine for pleasure, and often were it out, neglected, before its natural period: Yet there is hardly a man living, but would gladly exchange it, in a state of decay for another new earthly body, and renew his life to another climacteric; so loth, so unreclaimed, and irreconciled are we to part with this contemptible mud: yet, fond, foolish man! it is in vain to deceive ourselves; no man, however great, not even Solomon, with his faculty of wisdom, and in all his glory, could procure the desirable exchange.

It is indisputably evident, that all must equally submit to the common dissolution of matter, and when the hour of our death approaches, none dare to ask from whence, or why, it comes; it is God's decree that every one shall die; death is his messenger, to enforce his law; nor will he let any of us carry from hence any mark of human price, treasures, or honours, or any proofs of our earthly consequence, but a good conscience obtained from a well spent life.

LEWIS FORNIQUET
Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that he has removed to No. 156, Bad-way, where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and flatters himself that the quality of his stock and his attention to business, will meet with their approbation. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liverpool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topazpins, Bracelets and Rings
ON HAND,
A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear rings, Breast-pins, Rings, Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea, and Desert Spoons: Soup Ladles and Fish Knives: Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors, Penknives, Best Whitechapel Needles in quarters, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the shortest Notice.
January 28. 1041—tf.

CISTERNS,
Made and put in the ground complete warrantted tight, by C ALFORD,
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

FOR SALE,
A FARM AND MILLS,
in the County of Orange, State of New-York, two miles from Cornwall Landing, and 60 miles from the City of New-York.—The Farm contains 120 acres, mostly good land, with sufficient meadow and woods the best kinds of grafted fruit, apples, pears, peaches, plumbs, &c. a good dwelling-house, barn, and other out-houses, and a well by the door. The Mill is 40 by 50 feet, built of stone. It is a strong building, with two run of Burr stones, and a good stream; and may be converted to carrying on any kind of manufacture.—The whole is to be sold cheap, and a good title will be given by the subscriber, on the premises
CALEB SUTTON.
December 17, 1808. 1035—tf

S. DAWSON'S,
WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE
by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3, Peck-Slip, and at the Proprietor's 48, Frankfort-street.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS,
FOR SALE BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
At the sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY
Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds
Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superor to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, or han agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each
Gentlemens Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass
Odours of Roses for smelling bottles
Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart
Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the pair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey ha and 8s per pot Smith's Tooth Paste warranted
Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d
Smith's Steoynette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste
Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box
Smith a Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin
Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. Almond powde for the skin, 8s per lb
Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle
Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doted do 2s
Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box
Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted
His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 3d and 1s 6d
Smith's celabrated Corn Plaister 3s per box
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne
Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold
, The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Totoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.
Ladies and Gentleman will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery
8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum
☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 1, 1808

Elegant accomplishment in the most beauteous display of the vegetable kingdom.

MRS. MARTIN, Professor of Wax-work, No. 12 Broad-street, presents her most respectful services to the fair daughters of America, and informs them, that she teaches Wax-work, either in the taking of likenesses, or in imitating the various fruits of the earth, with their respective foliage, from the creeping strawberry to the lofty and delicious anana. She also instructs the making of Artificial Flowers, and various ornaments in Rock and other work—with the method of making Moulds, to cast at pleasure, in the most perfect shape, any thing that may be desired—She will also repair Wax work——Her terms for learning the above accomplishments are but Ten Dollars, a knowledge of which may be obtained in a few weeks, with only an attendance of two or three hours a day.
February 18 1809 1044—tf

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NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.
PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE